

A P I L L A R

24.

Set upon the Grave of the Reverend

Dr. Robert Wilde.

A Prophet and a Poet both ! In both
Excelling and Renowned ! Oh, how loth
The Merry World's to part with such a Wit,
Sober Professors lother are to quit
Their Soul-concerns in such a sound Divine,
In whose *Seraphick* Lectures forth did shine
The Lights and Warmth of the Eternal Spirit,
Who (bound up in one Volumn) did Inherit
The Poets Lawrel, and the Prophets Crown,
Yet rougher Hands did brush his Learned Gown :
So hard a Task it is to please a World,
That into various Shapes and Humour's hurl'd.
Such a Grave Preacher cannot versifie,
Such a wild Phansie cannot Prophesie :
Too light and Aery's Poems did appear,
Too home, Phanatick-like, his Sermons were.
And Law-Conformity he did expresse,
In Church-Liturgicks, and the *Levites* dress :
A Scholar and a Droller, a Divine
And jerking Satyrists met in one Line :
But these Errata's in near Seventy Pages,
Will meet with Candid thoughts in milder Ages.
Many the Loss of such a Preacher weep ;
Many Lament so great an *Ovid's* sleep.
But sure the Jolly part out-numbers those
Whose Hearts were Ravish'd with his Heavenly Prose.
The World's great Common's stock'd with Goats and Swine,
They're few whose Souls those Sacred flames Refine :
But what if Pregnant Wits in silence lie,
Yet shall the Spirit be poured from on high :
Then from the Root of *Jess* green Plants shall spring,
And Young *Neophytes* Preach up *Zion's* King :
Though Doctor after Doctor Death degrade,
Yet our clear Sky *Rome's* Fogs shall never shade.
Nor shall *Trent-Fathers* our pure Cannon alter,
Though Monks escap'd the Canonizing-Halter :

But Oh ---- how did his sad Disciples shriek,
 When in his Chair and Parlour they did seek
 Doctor and Doctrine? But -----
 Hee, stifled by an Asthma, was suspended,
 And, wanting Breath to Preach, his Life surrendred;
 Calling for Angels to hoyst up his Soul
 On swiftest Wings unto his Glorious Goal,
 Where thousand times ten thousands Christ surround;
 Oh, that *Elijah's* Mantle may be found
 Upon a Preaching Son, who may his Name,
 His Gifts and Graces, and keep up his Fame;
 That open House for them may still be kept,
 Who oft have Heard and Pray'd, Rejoyc'd and Wept.
 Though Bishop Gout oft made him a poor Cripple,
 Yet work'd he more for Christ than *Rome's* great Tripplē:
 His Chair less Fallible was than Porphiry Chair;
 His Table's end help'd on that great Affair
 Of Sainting Sinners more than Hallow'd Quires,
 And Purg'd them more than Purgatory Fires.
 But stay ---- 'tis not my Task to spread his Herse
 With *Panegyrick*, but *Elegiack* Verse:
 Nor drop my Tears upon the Poet's Urn,
 But o're the Tomb of the Old Prophet Mourn;
 And take my part amongst those mourning ones
 Who do bewail his Loss in shrillest Tones:
 A Loss ---- onely, compatible by such,
 Whose Hearts the Word Affectingly did touch;
 Whose Drooping Spirits oft were lifted high,
 And on Faith's Feathers Heaven-ward did flye:
 May they hold up their flight to those high Stories,
 And He and They meet in th' Eternal Glories.
 May we, awak'ned by his sudden Change,
 Watch, and be found ith' Temple's inner Range.
 May we, awak'ned by these fresh Alarms,
 Watch, and be found in Blessed Jesus Arms:
 And our Blest Souls, not hurt by Second Death,
 May to the Lamb for ever Anthems breath.
 To these great Options, let our Faith say I,
 And let our Souls with Fervent Breathings cry,
 Lord Jesus, come, come quickly, *Zion* own,
 Amongst thy Saints advance thy Glorious Throne.

F I N I S.